

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

JAN.

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NO. 24

IN THIS ISSUE:

THE DEATH CHANT!



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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

38
99

Lash LARUE

in
TAMPERED TESTIMONY!

IN THE WITNESSES

JOE TURNER
WHIFF WATSON
CUP BUTLER

THE ACCUSED

WILL LUCAS

BANG! BANG! BANG!

WHEN THREE WITNESSES TESTIFY THAT THEY SAW WILL LUCAS KILL A MAN, THE JURY HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO BRING IN A VERDICT OF GUILTY! BUT WHETHER THE WITNESSES ARE TELLING THE TRUTH IS A JOB FOR THE DARING ROVING MARSHAL LASH LARUE, TO PROVE--AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE!!

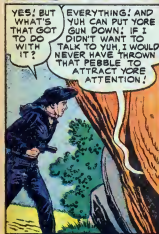
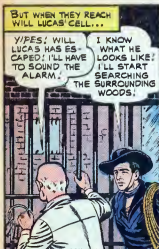
IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE, AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY...

LASH LARUE: TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE OF THIS UNEXPECTED VISIT?

I'M HERE ON BUSINESS, WARDEN. THE CHIEF MARSHAL WAS RE-EXAMINING THE TESTIMONY OF WILL LUCAS, WHO WAS CONVICTED OF MURDERING TYLER DOUGELL, AND HE SEEMS TO THINK WILL ISN'T GUILTY. I'M HERE TO TALK TO THE PRISONER.

YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK TO HIM FAST; HIS EXECUTION IS SLATED TO TAKE PLACE IN AN HOUR!

YOU'D BETTER TAKE ME RIGHT TO HIS CELL THEN!



NO; BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE?

WELL, IT WOULD MAKE IT MUCH EASIER TO FORCE THE TRUTH OUT OF THEM!

BUT THERE'S ANOTHER QUESTION I'D LIKE TO ASK; IF, AS YOU TESTIFIED, YOU WEREN'T EVEN NEAR TYLER'S PLACE WHEN HE WAS KILLED, WHY DID THE THREE WITNESSES PICK YOU OUT OF ALL THE PEOPLE IN TOWN TO ACCUSE OF THE MURDER?

BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH IT WAS A LIE, IT MADE SENSE; EVERYONE IN TOWN KNEW THAT TYLER DOUGELL AND I WERE ENEMIES EVER SINCE HE'D BOUGHT A PIECE OF LAND I WANTED!



AS YOU SAID, THOSE THREE WITNESSES HAVE TO BE REQUESTIONED; I'LL DO THAT AS SOON AS I TAKE YOU BACK TO THE STATE PENITENTIARY!

TAKE ME BACK! BUT THEY'RE WAITING TO HANG ME!



THE EXECUTION WILL BE POSTPONED; BESIDES, WILL YOU AND EVERY OTHER CITIZEN, FOR THAT MATTER, SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR BEST BET FOR JUSTICE IS TO COOPERATE AND NOT FIGHT WITH THE LAW!

ALL RIGHT, LASH; I KNOW I CAN TRUST YUH; LET'S GO BACK!



ON THE WAY BACK, YOU CAN TELL ME THE NAMES OF THE THREE WITNESSES AND WHERE I CAN FIND THEM!

WHEN I WAS LOCKED UP THREE MONTHS AGO, THEY WERE ALL IN SILVER CITY! TWO OF THE WITNESSES, CUD BUTLER AND JOE TURNER, ARE BROKEN-DOWN PROSPECTORS, BUT THE THIRD WITNESS, WHIFF WATSON, OWNS THE BIGGEST SILVER MINE IN SILVER CITY!



AND AFTER WILL LUCAS IS TURNED OVER TO THE WARDEN...

NEXT STOP, SILVER CITY; HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH!

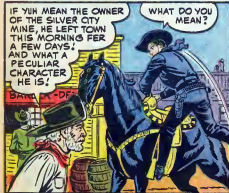


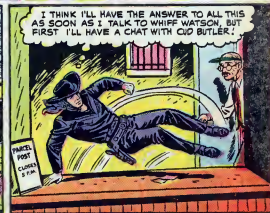
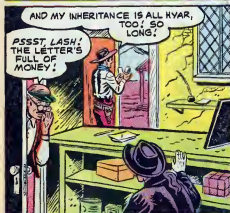
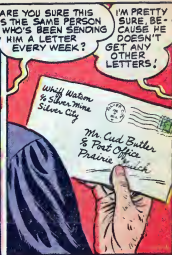
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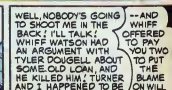
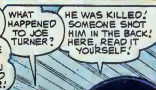
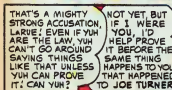
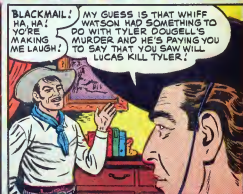
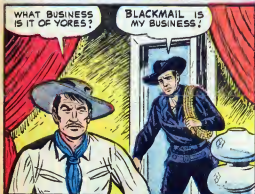
I'M SORRY, BUT THE SHERIFF'S OUT WORKING ON A CASE; IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YUH? I'M THE DEPUTY!

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND CUD BUTLER?









THAT'S RIGHT! BUT AFTER GETTING PAID, JOE TURNER AND I DECIDED TO FORCE WHIFF TO KEEP PAYING US TO KEEP QUIET FOR AS LONG AS HE LIVED!

THAT EXPLAINS WHY HE WAS GETTING POORER, AND YOU TWO RICHER, DURING THE LAST THREE MONTHS!



SUDDENLY... AND IT ALSO EXPLAINS WHY I DECIDED TO KILL THE TWO PEOPLE WHO WERE HOLDING A NOOSE OVER MY HEAD!



WHIFF WATSON!

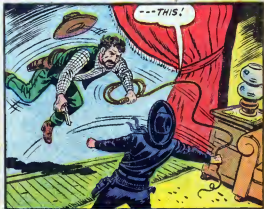
I TOOK CARE OF JOE TURNER AND I CAME HYAR TO FINISH CUD, LARUE, BUT NOW I'LL HAVE TO DO THE SAME FOR YUH! BUT I'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT THE TRICKS YUH CAN DO WITH THAT WHIP SO I RECKON I'D BETTER RELIEVE YUH OF IT FIRST!

YOU'VE GOT THE DROP ON ME, SO GO AHEAD AND TAKE IT!



BUT AS WHIFF REMOVES THE WHIP...

YOU'VE GOT THE WHIP BY THE HANDLE, BUT THERE ARE A COUPLE OF THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH THE TAIL END, TOO! FOR INSTANCE ---



---THIS!



NOW TIE HIM UP CUD, WHILE I KEEP BOTH OF YOU COVERED! THEN WE'RE ALL MAKING THE TRIP BACK TO THE STATE PENITENTIARY!



LATER...

THAT WAS A GREAT JOB OF DETECTION, LASH! I'M GLAD THE TRUTH CAME OUT!

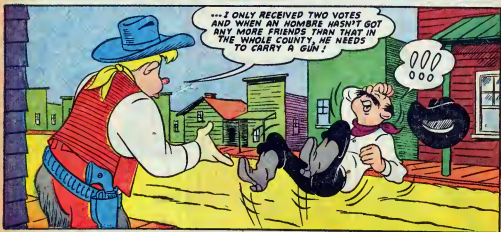
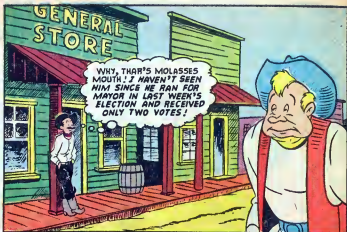
YUH CAN SAY THAT FER ME, TOO! THE TRUTH ALWAYS COMES OUT, WILL!



MOLASSES MOUTH

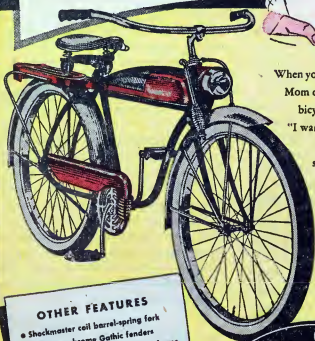


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 the bicycle with **BUMPERS**



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BUMPER**



**REAR
BUMPER**



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Mail this coupon for a colorful folder on beautiful new Roadmaster. Show it to Mom and Dad. Send it to Santa.

Name Age

Address

City Zone State

LASH LARUE WESTERN

GUNNAR'S SURPRISE

By Walter Farmer



THE LETTER was addressed to Marshal Zack Barley. It came from Lone Eagle. "I don't know anybody in Lone Eagle," Zack murmured as he scrutinized the handwriting a second or two before tearing open the envelope. Then he began to read and a frown creased his handsome brow. The letter said:

Dear Marshal,

We need your help desperately if any decent people are going to stay alive in this town. The place is being run, lock, stock and barrel by an owlhoot named Gunnar Gurfeldt. He's a killer and his men are killers. They've filled our graveyard with sheriffs and now we have no lawman at all in town. Nobody is brave enough or foolish enough to take the job.

Your great reputation is of course known to us. If you can come here and clean out Gunnar and his gang, that's the only thing that will save our little town of Lone Eagle. If you can't come, there'll be nothing for us law-abiding citizens to do except pull up stakes. We don't half expect you. Asking you to come here is like asking a man to commit suicide. If Gunnar learns you're a lawman, he'll shoot you on sight.

B. J. Jones
Acting Mayor
Lone Eagle

Zack Barley paused only long enough to send a wire to B. J. Jones. It read, "I'm on my way. Meet me in Wagon Wheel restaurant after sundown. Barley."

He then mounted his black stallion and headed south. He kept the horse at a mile-eating pace calculated to get him to his appointment on time. "Keep a-moving, Blackie, old boy, and I'll get you a double size feed bag when we get there!"

They sped swiftly over the rocks above the

timberline, down into the scrubby growths, down toward the pine forests.

They had nearly reached the sprawling, green-carpeted valley land when Zack heard the cry; a pitiful, baby-like wail, a call of distress. He turned off trail toward the sound. Passing a screening grove of pines, he came upon a smoke-blackened chimney rising above a rubble of charred timbers. The pungent aroma of burned wood still filled the air.

"Some nester got burned out and left in a hurry," he commented, surveying the ruins.

Again the sad wail was heard. Zack looked toward a little lean-to shed that had escaped the fire.

A little ball of fur came wobbling and blinking from the dark interior. Zack dismounted, picked it up gently and cuddled it against his leather brown cheek. The lonely, unhappy wail changed to a soft, contented purr.

"Kitten, I reckon you'd like some milk," said Zack. "Sorry I can't oblige you offhand, but if you'd care to ride into Lone Eagle with Blackie and me, I believe we can fix you up. How about it?" The little cat assented with a gentle purr.

Entering Lone Eagle, Zack left Blackie at the livery stable with a good supply of oats. Then he headed for the Wagon Wheel restaurant. Zack picked out a corner table where he could back his chair against the rear wall.

"Would you care for a steak, sir?" asked the waitress.

"Well, first off, I want some warm milk!" responded Zack.

"Warm milk?" She was plainly shocked. In all her experience she had never heard of a big, strong, muscle-man ordering warm milk.

"In a saucer," added Zack.

"In a saucer?" The waitress was dumb-founded.

Zack grinned and held up the kitten. "It's for him!"

He then added, "And after the warm milk's ready, put on the steak. I'm plumb starved!"

Three men with drawn Colts lurked in the shadowy alley beside the Wagon Wheel restaurant. Through the window they could plainly see Zack Barley, but he couldn't see them. "It's him, Gunnar," whispered one. "It's bound to be him. He's the only stranger that's come to town today."

"Should we let him have it now?" questioned the second, keeping his voice low.

"Wait," growled Gunnar. "Wait till I give the word. I want to be sure."

Unaware that he was being watched, Zack peacefully dangled a ball of string before the kitten, watching the little fur-fluff bat it and box it, while outside, a curious hound sniffed at Gunnar Gurfeldt's legs. Gunnar gave the dog a swift kick and gritted, "Git! Git away!"

The waitress approached Zack and said, "Somebody in the kitchen to see you. Says you know what it's about."

Zack followed her and found a fat, frightened-faced, bald man waiting for him. "I'm Jones," said the man. "You Barley?"

"Yes," said Barley, reaching to shake hands.

"T-they know you're h-here!" stammered Jones.

"What?" exclaimed Zack. "It was supposed to be secret!"

Jones wiped the beads of perspiration off his brow. "I know," he said. "That's what I wanted, but I couldn't just act on my own. I'm not a regular mayor or anything. As I told you, there's no sheriff here. We needed a marshal of your courage and reputation to come here and clean up the Gunnar gang. But

I had to get a committee to back me. And somebody must have talked."

"But how do you know Gunnar and his outfit know about me?"

"B-because I saw them," stammered Jones. "They w-were right outside the window, ready to f-fill you full of b-bullets. I don't know why they didn't."

Zack wasted no more time on words. He raced out the kitchen door and around the back corner of the Wagon Wheel. He saw three men moving out the alley toward their horses.

"Gunnar!" he called sharply.

The outlaw leader turned involuntarily.

"Marshal Zack Barley speaking!" yelled Zack. "Drop your guns in the name of the law!"

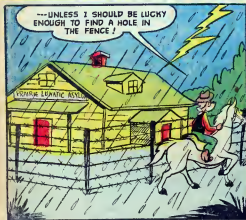
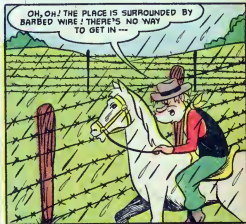
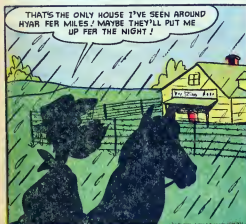
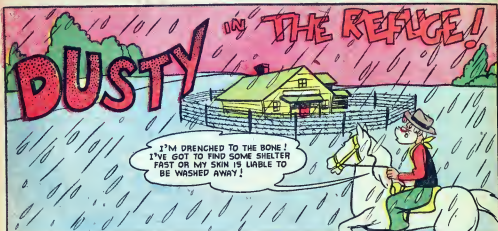
Instead of obeying, the outlaws opened fire. Whizzing slugs spit toward Zack. He flopped behind a rain barrel, his own guns barking as he fell. A cry of pain came from Gunnar, and one of the other outlaws fell as a searing bullet nipped him in the leg. The third raised his hands and cried, "Don't shoot! I give up!"

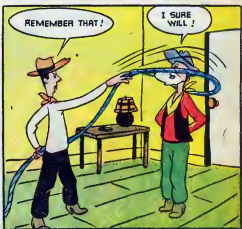
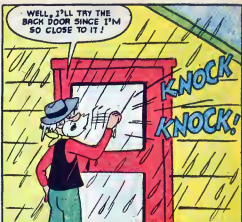
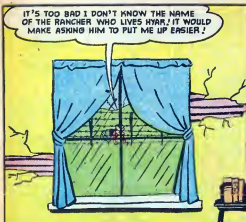
A short while later, in jail, Gunnar's gang, their wounds tended to, began quarreling among themselves. The other two snarled that their capture was all Gunnar's fault because he hadn't let them shoot down the marshal through the window.

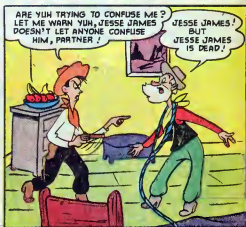
"SHUT UP!" snapped Gunnar. "How could I believe that was the marshal? Who would figure that a man coming in here to fight us would be dumb enough to sit calmly playing with a kitten?"

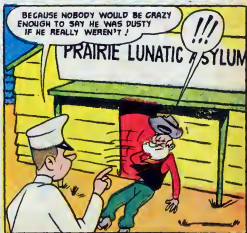
Grinning, Zack Barley returned to the Wagon Wheel restaurant. Pointing at the kitten, he said to the waitress, "Bring this young fellow another saucer of milk—a big saucer!"

THE END









**AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS...**

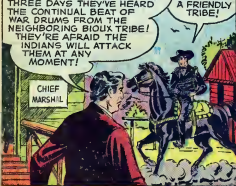
THE TOWN OF CYPRESS VALLEY IS TORN WITH FEAR, LASH! FOR THREE DAYS THEY'VE HEARD THE CONTINUAL BEAT OF WAR DRUMS FROM THE NEIGHBORING BIOUX TRIBE! THEY'RE AFRAID THE INDIANS WILL ATTACK THEM AT ANY MOMENT!

BUT THE BIOUX ARE A FRIENDLY TRIBE!

CHIEF
MARSHAL

THAT'S WHY I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO FIND OUT WHAT COULD HAVE MADE THEM SUDDENLY GO ON THE WARRPATH!

OKAY, CHIEF! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH!



BUT WHEN THE ROVING MARSHAL REACHES CYPRESS VALLEY...

THEY'VE GOT THE WHOLE TOWN BARRICADED! IF I TRY TO CLIMB OVER THEY'RE LIABLE TO THINK I'M AN INDIAN AND SHOOT ME! I RECKON THE BEST THING TO DO IS TO GO RIGHT OUT TO THE RESERVATION!



BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

IT WON'T BE HARD TO LOCATE! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TO FOLLOW THE SOUND OF THOSE DRUMS!



SHORTLY AFTER...

YOU STAY HERE, RUSH! IF THEY'RE ON THE WARPATH, I'LL FIND OUT MORE IF THEY DON'T KNOW I'M AROUND!



AS LASH SNEAKS ONTO THE RESERVATION...

BRING INTRUDER TO CHIEF!

HEY!



THIS PALEFACE SNEAK ONTO RESERVATION! WE CATCH HIM!

YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME, CHIEF! I'M A FRIEND!

FRIEND NO SNEAK ONTO RESERVATION! TIE HIM TO A STAKE AND BURN HIM!



BE REASONABLE, CHIEF! I SNEAKED IN BECAUSE I COULDN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES WITH YOUR TRIBE ON THE WARPATH!

WHO ON WARPATH? NOT US!



THEN WHAT DO YOU CALL ALL THIS?

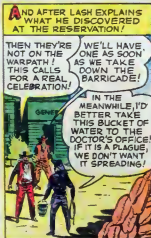
WE ONLY TRYING TO SCARE OFF THE EVIL GOD, KEIS, WHO BRINGS SICKNESS AND DEATH! FOLLOW ME AND I WILL SHOW THE TERRIBLE CURSE THAT HAS BEFALLEN OUR TRIBE!

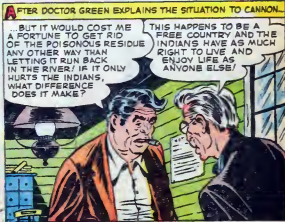
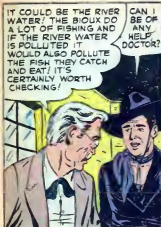


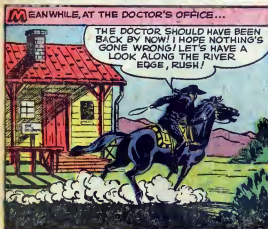
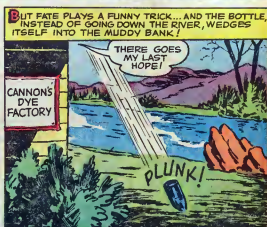
THEY ALL FALL SICK AT ONCE! ONLY EVIL SPIRIT OF KEIS COULD CAUSE THAT!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A PLAGUE OF SOME SORT! HAVE YOU CHECKED YOUR DRINKING WATER?

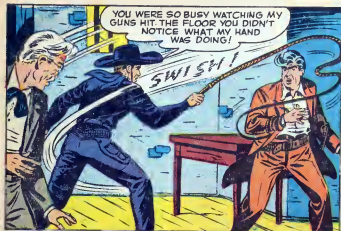








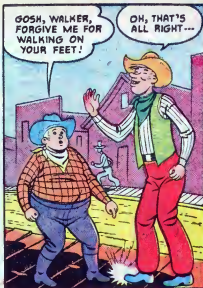




BUT THE ROVING MARSHAL HAS THE AGILITY OF A CAT!

AND AS CANNON REACHES THE BOTTOM OF THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE...

LATER... ..AND WITH CANNON IN JAIL AND HIS DYE FACTORY CLOSED UP YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE EVIL SPIRIT OF KEIGS ANY LONGER!



QUIZ

1. BUFFALO BILL WAS BORN ON FEB. 26, 1845.

TRUE... FALSE...

2. JULIUS CAESAR WAS ASSASSINATED ON MARCH 15, IN 44 B.C.

TRUE... FALSE...

3. NEVADA IS LOCATED BETWEEN KANSAS AND UTAH.

TRUE... FALSE...



4. THE ENGLISH CHANNEL IS PART OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

TRUE... FALSE...



5. SPRING BEGINS ON APRIL FIRST.

TRUE... FALSE...



SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

ANSWERS:

1. TRUE 2. TRUE 3. FALSE 4. TRUE 5. FALSE

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Sec. 233)

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2. The owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a

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GORDON FAWCETT, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1951.

(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY,

(My commission expires April 1, 1953)

Lash LARUE

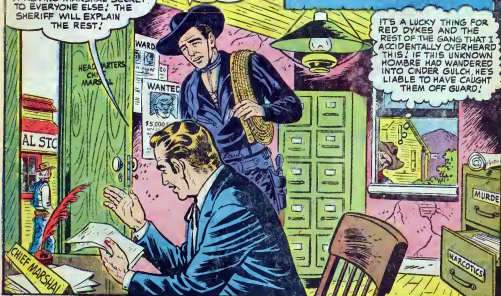


THERE'S TROUBLE IN CINDER GULCH, LASH: I WANT YOU TO SEE THE SHERIFF THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, AND KEEP YOUR IDENTITY AS A ROVING MARSHAL SECRET TO EVERYONE ELSE! THE SHERIFF WILL EXPLAIN THE REST!

YES, SIR!
I'LL LEAVE
RIGHT NOW!

THE DEADLY PROTECTION!

IT'S A LUCKY THING FOR RED DYKES AND THE REST OF THE GANG THAT I ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARD THIS! IF THIS UNKNOWN HOMBRE HAD WANDERED INTO CINDER GULCH, HE'S LIABLE TO HAVE CAUGHT THEM OFF GUARD!

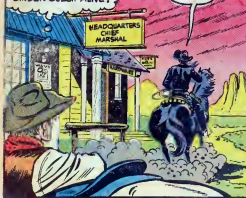


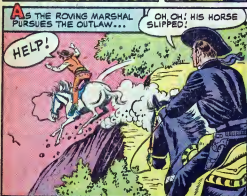
BUT I'LL MAKE SURE HE NEVER REACHES CINDER GULCH ALIVE!

LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH!

SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE MOUNTAINS...

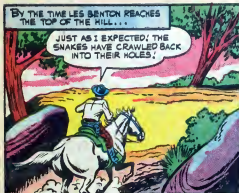
THERE'S NO ONE AROUND HYAR, SO NOW'S MY OPPORTUNITY TO FINISH HIM OFF!





BY THE TIME LES BENTON REACHES THE TOP OF THE HILL...

JUST AS I EXPECTED, THE SNAKES HAVE CRAWLED BACK INTO THEIR HOLES!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT LES BENTON'S RANCH HOUSE...

WHAT'S THIS I JUST HEARD, BENTON, SOME VARMINTS SHOT DOWN SOME MORE OF YORE HORSES?

THAT'S RIGHT, DYKES, BUT I STILL DON'T AIM TO JOIN YORE RANGE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION!



YOU'RE ACTING MIGHTY FOOLISH, BENTON! IF YUH PAID ME FER PROTECTION, I COULD GUARANTEE NOTHING WOULD EVER HAPPEN TO YORE STOCK AGAIN!

I BELIEVE THAT BECAUSE I SUSPECT YUH AND YORE MEN HAVE BEEN KILLING MY HERD TO FORCE ME TO JOIN YORE ASSOCIATION!



CAN YUH PROVE THAT?

YUH KNOW I CAN'T OR YUH'D BE IN JAIL NOW!



AND YUH'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE IT, BENTON! SO WHY DON'T YUH WISE UP AND JOIN? FER A HUNDRED DOLLARS A MONTH YUH COULD LIVE IN PEACE!

I DON'T MAKE DEALS WITH YORE SORT! NOW GET OFF MY RANCH!



I'LL GET OFF, BENTON, BUT I'M GIVING YUH EXACTLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO JOIN UP OR YORE LIABLE TO LOSE ALL YORE HORSES! AND YUH CAN TELL THAT TO THE REST OF THE RANCHERS AROUND HYAR, TOO!



GOOD DAY!

I'LL HAVE TO CALL A MEETING OF ALL THE RANCHERS AT THE TOWN HALL!



LATER, AT THE TOWN HALL...

WELL, SINCE ALL YUH RANCHERS HAVE DECIDED TO PAY OFF RED DYKES RATHER THAN TAKE THE CHANCE OF HIS KILLING OFF YORE LIVESTOCK, I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO DO THE SAME! WHEN HE SHOWS UP TOMORROW, I'LL JOIN HIS RANGE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION!



MEANWHILE, AT THE JAILHOUSE...

--AND EVEN THOUGH WE'RE PRETTY POSITIVE RED DYKES IS BEHIND ALL THIS, WE CAN NEVER PROVE IT: THE MINUTE THE LAW'S AROUND, HE AND HIS MEN ACT LIKE ANGELS.

AND YOU'RE HOPING, SINCE THEY DON'T KNOW ME, I'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH THEM OFF GUARD?

THAT'S IT EXACTLY, LASH!

RED PROBABLY WOULDN'T MAKE A FALSE MOVE WITH ANYONE BUT HIS GANG AROUND! BUT SINCE THE TRICK IS TO CATCH THE GANG DOING SOMETHING UNLAWFUL SO YOU CAN LOCK THEM UP, I DO HAVE AN IDEA! IS THERE AN EMPTY STORE IN TOWN?

THERE IS, BUT WHY?

SHOW ME WHERE IT IS: I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE WAY!

THE NEXT DAY...

THE RANCHERS HELD A MEETING YESTERDAY AND THEY ALL DECIDED TO JOIN OUR RANGE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION; OUR WORRIES ARE OVER!

I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT; WE HAVE COMPETITION!

LASH LARUE'S RANCH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

RIGHT OVER THERE! WITH TWO PROTECTIVE GROUPS FIGHTING TO SEE WHO CAN GET THE RANCHERS TO JOIN UP, THEY'LL HAVE AN EXCUSE NOT TO JOIN AT ALL!

COMPETITION: WHERE?

GET THE HORSES READY AND WAIT FER ME OUT HYAR! I AIM TO GET RID OF OUR COMPETITION, PRONTO.

LASH LARUE'S RANCH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

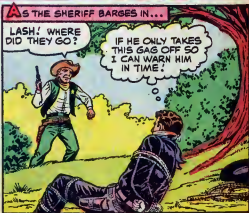
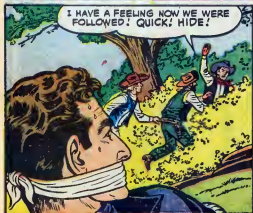
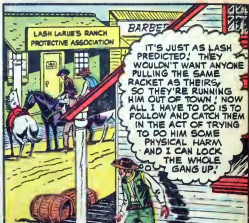
AH, I SEE MY FIRST CUSTOMER! YOU'VE COME TO JOIN UP?

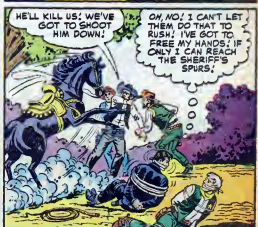
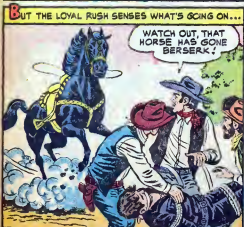
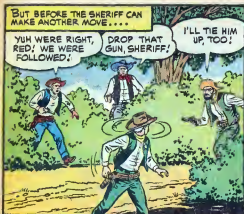
JOIN NOTHING! I'M HERE TO RUN YUH OUT OF BUSINESS BEFORE YUH START FER YORE INFORMATION, I ALREADY HAVE A PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION IN CINDER GULCH!

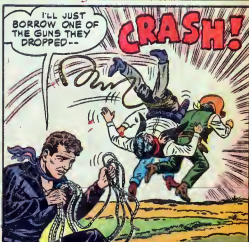
SO WHAT? THERE'S NOTHING THAT SAYS YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN RUN THE RACKET! I CAN SCARE THE RANCHERS INTO JOINING MY ASSOCIATION, TOO!

I DON'T WANT COMPETITION, AND THAT'S FINAL! NOW GET YORE BELONGINGS AND VAMOOSE!

LASH LARUE







FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF LASH LARUE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE LASH LARUE WESTERN AND IN SIX-GUN HEROES!!

**JOHNNY
LUJACK**

Ace Quarterback
Chicago Bears



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a Champion
Sparks YOU!

and Champions
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ME HOPE
YOU GETTUM
DAISY FOR
CHRISTMAS.
NOW READUM
AD!—Little
Beaver

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DAISY 1000-SHOT

RED RYDER

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER N.Y.

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